2/3

The Tear that bedews Sensibilitys shrine.

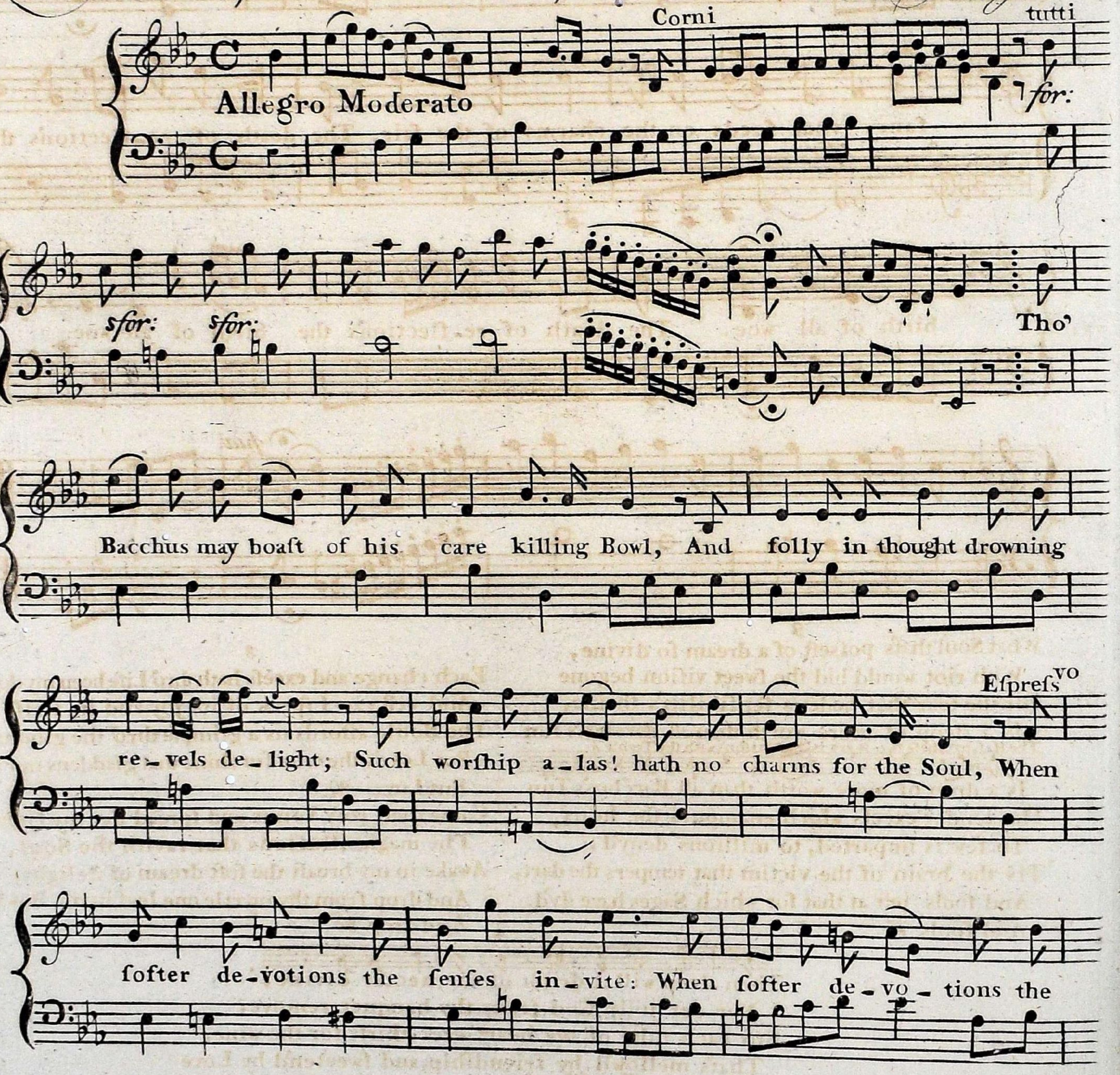
Sung by Mr. BOWDEN in the DUENNA,

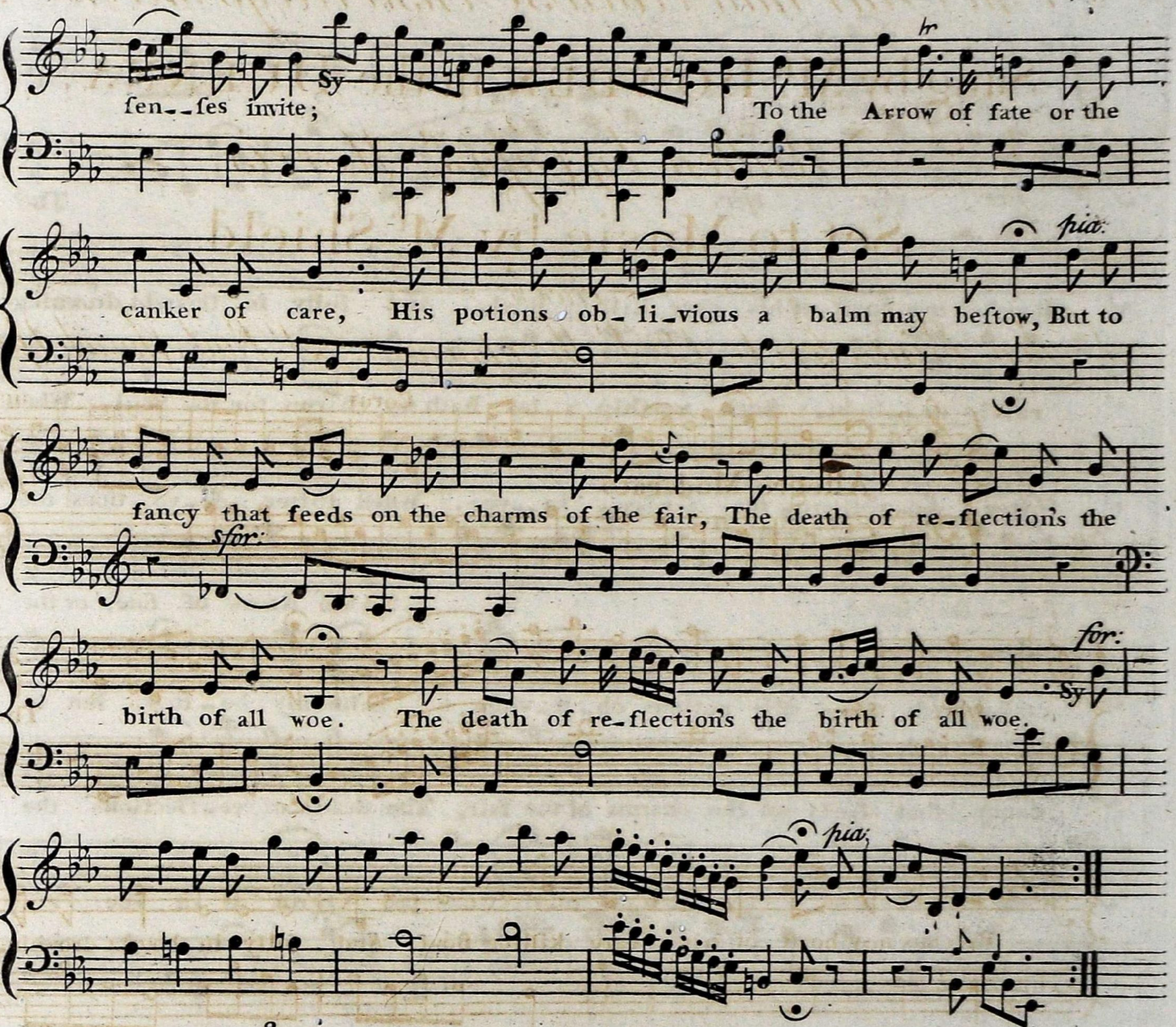
Written by Captn. Morris.

Set to Music by Mr. Shield.

Price 6d

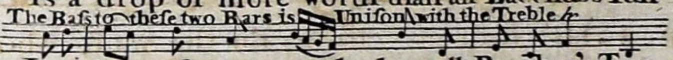
London Printed for S. A. & P. Thompson No. 75 St. Pauls Church Yard.





2

What Soul that's possest of a dream so divine,
With riot would bid the sweet vision begone
For the tear that bedews sensibility's shrine,
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's Tun

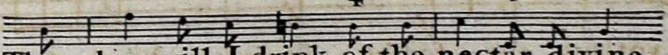


Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's Tun
The tender excess which enamours the heart,
To few is imparted, to millions deny'd,
'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,
And fools jest at that for which Sages have dy'd.
And fools &c.

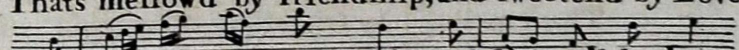
3

Each change and excess hath thro' Life been my doom,
And well can I speak of its joy and its strife;
The Bottle affords us a glimpse thro' the gloom,
But Love's the true sunshine that gladdens our life.
But Love &c.
Come then rosy Venus and spread o'er my sight,
The magic illusions that ravish the Soul,
Awake in my breast the soft dream of delight,
And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my Bowl.
And drop &c.

4



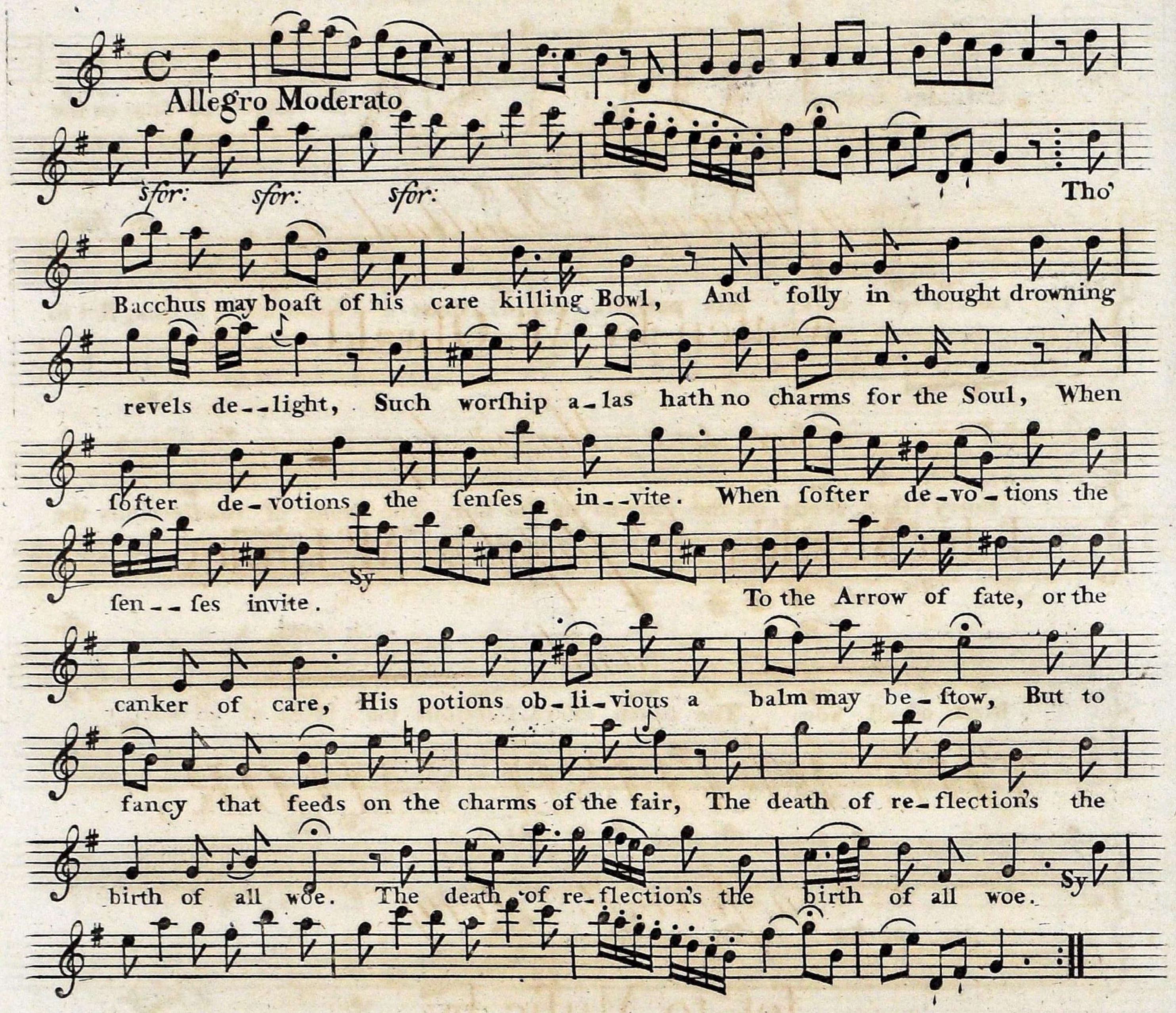
Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
Nor e'er jolly God from thy banquet remove,
But each tube of my heart ever thirst for the wine,
That's mellow'd by friendship, and sweeten'd by Love.



That's mellow'd by friendship, and sweeten'd by Love.

NB. The above small Notes are trifling deviations from the Original Melody to suit the expression of the different Stanzas.

For the German Flute



2

What Soul that's poſseſt of a dream ſo divine
With riot would bid the ſweet viſion begone.
For the tear that bedews Senſibility's ſhrine,
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's Tun.
Is a drop &c.
The tender exceſs which enamours the heart,
To few is imparted, to millions deny'd;
'Tis the brain of the victim that tempers the dart,
And fools jeſt at that for which Sages have dy'd.
And fools &c.

3

Each change and exceſs hath thro' Life been my doom,
And well can I ſpeak of its joy and its ſtrife;
The Bottle affords us a glimpſe thro' the gloom,
But Love's the true ſunſhine that gladdens our life.
But Love &c.
Come then roſy Venus and ſpread o'er my ſight
The magic illuſions that raviſh the Soul;
Awake in my breaſt the ſoft dream of delight,
And drop from thy myrtle one leaf in my Bowl.
And drop &c.

4

Then deep will I drink of the nectar divine,
Nor e'er jolly God from thy banquet remove;
But each tube of my heart ever thirſt for the wine,
That's mellow'd by friendſhip, & ſweeten'd by Love.
Thats mellow'd &c